

SIKI'S LIFE STORY

BY BATTLING SIKI

As Told by Milton Bronner, NEA Staff Correspondent
CHAPTER FOUR—Siki Resumes Boxing.

When the war was over, my artillery regiment was sent to Versailles near Paris. I was demobilized shortly afterward.

I was Corporal Louis Phil, with two decorations and honorable wounds. Also, I had no job and only 200 francs. But I wanted to be through with waiting.

I asked for a job as a waiter in a little restaurant. The owner was a good fellow. He saw my medals and gave me a chance, even if I did break plates occasionally. His was a plain little place where you didn't have to put on a lot of style. No, the work was much nicer than dish washing.

TWO MORE FIGHTS.

I had a couple of fights in 1920. I went to Toulouse and beat Henrys in 10 rounds on points, and knocked out J. Andouy in four rounds, after losing to him on points six years before.

One day I had my arm full of dishes and a man came to me and said: "You are Siki!"

I told him "Yes." He said he wanted me to fight in Paris, against Derezni, champion of the French army. The boss let me off to train, as he thought it would help his eating place if I won or put up a good losing fight. The patrons would know Siki, the fighter, was waiting on them. Maybe he was a sly dog.

I knocked out Derezni in three rounds.

LACKED MANAGER.

I may be a fair fighter, but I am a rotten business man. I am almost ashamed to tell you how little I got

for licking the army champion—300 francs, which was only about \$25 in American money then!

I don't think I only got a little money because I am colored. No, I think it is because until I met Charley Hellera, my present manager, I never had anybody to advise me what I ought to get. Why, even in the biggest fights with men like Journee and Carpenter, I drew down small sums.

After beating Derezni I could get other fights to carry me along until the next one. In the spring of 1920 I knocked out V. Marchand and Westbrook and won from LeFevre, J. Depaus, Rene Devos and J. Liggett.

"MEAL TICKET" DAYS.

But I wasn't getting anywhere. I was only considered a fourth rater, fighting fourth raters. Nobody believed in me, and I wasn't ambitious. I liked eating and fighting, and fought to eat.

I would fight anybody if a price was put up, not a fancy price either, but one meaning food and drink for a month.

I eat lots of fish. I eat meat that sticks to the ribs. I like to know the bones. I don't drink tea or coffee or milk. In France I drink wine like a Frenchman. In Holland I drink beer like a Dutchman.

Also, I smoke a good deal. When not training I like to be out with men, smoking and talking and drinking. When I train, I take lots of sleep. Sleep is good for a fighter. It helps build his body and quiets his nerves.

(To Be Continued.)
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BROOKHART MAY ENTER U. S. SENATE IN BLUE OVERALLS

Would Rather Feed Swill to Pigs Than Count Change in Bank.



COL. S. W. BROOKHART.

By NEA Service.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—A short, stocky man, clad in unionalls and with an old slouch hat on his head, was found feeding some of "Iowa's prides" in the back yard of a farm near here.

"Yes, sir," he said, scratching the back of one of his porcine wonders with just pride. "I would rather be feeding swill to my pigs than be counting change over the counter in some bank."

And that was one of the campaign phrases by which the speaker, Col. S. W. Brookhart, gained the confidence and votes of the Iowa farmers and on which he conducted his campaign and was elected senator to succeed W. S. Kenyon.

Within the past few years Brookhart has risen from a small town lawyer in Washington, Ia., to be one of the most remarkable political characters in the country.

Three years ago he rose from practical obscurity by determining to attack Albert B. Cummins, then the idol of the state, on the Cummins-Esch transportation bill.

Brookhart was defeated by Cummins by a close margin in that primary. But Brookhart was the real victor. He had delved deep into railroad statistics to combat Cummins, and is now a walking encyclopedia on dividends, valuations and investments of railroads.

Similarly he equipped himself on the federal reserve system. This evening he won the Republican primary nomination over a packed field.

This victory is generally accredited to understanding of the Iowa farmer and his problems.

This evening he won the "Main Street" and "hog pen" politician. He talks in the language of the farmer and laborer. He was a fierce campaigner, stamping every one of the 99 counties in the state. He is seemingly tireless and often speaks in several debates or meetings in one day.

While campaigning he scorned all tricks of the flowing tie and big black hat. He wore an old sack suit, seldom pressed, a disreputable soft black hat, old army shoes, never shined, old-fashioned spectacles through which he squints as he watches the effect of his words on his audience.

Campaigning he is a dynamo of energy. At home he is a quiet, studious small town lawyer who farms on the side.

Brookhart has three hobbies, raising blooded hogs, cultivating his orchard and rifle marksmanship.

Before he became noted as a politician, Brookhart was a recognized authority on sharpshooting. Coming

from a Revolutionary war family with descendants in every war, Brookhart went to the Spanish-American war.

He came back imbued with the idea that American soldiers should be expert rifle shots. He trained his home town company of the state militia on the rifle range. The company attained such fame that Brookhart was made rifle instructor for the state national guard.

Time and time again he went to Washington, D. C., and tried to convince West Point staff officers that more time should be spent in rifle training and not so much on "quads" and "fights." The West Pointers laughed at the crude, earnest lawyer, much as the expert politicians laughed at him.

Brookhart's turn came during the world war. After the first American troops went into action, Pershing wired back that men should not be sent overseas unless they were thoroughly rifle trained. Then the war college remembered Brookhart of Iowa and his funny ideas. Brookhart was sent for from his national guard outfit and placed in charge of training the American army to become expert rifle shots. The results of his methods were soon noticed.

It is this persistence of an idea and his own convictions together with a shrewd understanding of the Iowa farmer, obtained by actual contact with farm problems, that has made Brookhart today. He scorns social functions and activities and says, "If I feel like it, I will walk into the senate chamber with my blue overalls tucked into cowhide boots."

Mrs. Brookhart is a quiet, motherly

woman who does all her own housework. They have a large family of children.

Brookhart is a man to watch, his friends say. They predict his success will either be sensational or else his term in the senate will prove him a political dud.

THEATRES

"The Face in The Fog" and "Flashes of Action" at Alhambra Tomorrow

"No matter what trade a man learns, it will some time come in handy," is the old saw. It proves true even with Boston Blackie Dawson, a safe-blower, who is the hero of "The Face in The Fog," a new rip-roaring Paramount-Cosmopolitan picture which comes to the Alhambra theatre tomorrow. Dawson had long been a crook. He never paid a night call on a neighbor without first packing his jimmy, lamp, glycerine, soap, sandpaper, chisel, and half a dozen other implements. It was a woman, of course, who reformed him. But even when love and reform surged through Boston Blackie Dawson's soul he wasn't washed altogether clean of his shady old trade. As a well-known citizen, he didn't forget how to tamp a lock, soap a safe or carve a heart.

The time came when Blackie put all this knowledge to good use. The story shows how Blackie (Lone) Earmore "comes back"—not to add his old fellow-crooks, but to help the Grand Duchess Tatiana of Russia, who has been pursued from the land of Bolsheviks by a gang of thieves and murderers, hunting the crown jewels. Seena Owen has the leading feminine role.

The great American Legion picture, "Flashes of Action," will also be shown.

JAP WOMEN URGED TOWARD FRUGALITY

TOKIO, Nov. 2.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—To pay Y15 (\$1.50) to see Mme. Pavlova dance even for a first class seat has been termed extravagant under present conditions by Dr. Rentaro Mizuno, the home minister who is touring western Japan to urge economic living. While in Kobe, the minister attended a "dry" luncheon, such as is seldom given in this port city, and seeing in the audience a number of ladies, he asked them to co-operate with the officials to effect a reform on these lines. Dr. Mizuno said the present extravagant habits of the Japanese society were largely due to the women who are slow to realize the importance of frugality. He warned them, however, not to become disheartened and go too far in economizing.

The minister also pointed to the growing adverse trade conditions in

'KIDDING' NOT ART AMONG

PEKING, Nov. 1.—(The Associated Press).—The young women who were mounted on horses for a six-months' exhibition by Chinese military officials arrived abroad with great effect. The Frenchman present being translated into English. "Oh, you country!" the hard-boiled man said. "There is enough in the United States every man, woman and child to give you a lesson in the art of kidding."

Old Silas Beardsley Falls Sick

By KITCHEN PIXLEY.

(Our Own Special Correspondent.)

MOGADORE, Nov. 7.—Well, things have been movin' here right smart an' we've got the biggest leg sensation on earth started.

Maybe you don't know old Silas Beardsley, brother o' Henry and Seth, constable. Well, Si is our leadin' self-made "retired" citizen. He made himself by chargin' 15 per cent on every loan made in 45 years, and he's retired largely because he can't hear even 25 per cent without an "ear" pump.

Mean? Why, he wouldn't marry Jud Stetson's widow until she'd signed a contract to go 50-50 on what Jud left.

Well the Weber County Lactical Products Co. puts a new boy to deliverin' milk, and the boy raps on some bedroom window, nobody hein' up, the other mornin'. When Si sticks out his head with his ear trumpet in it, the boy pours a pint of milk into that trumpet. Si's ears were so bored clear through to his brain-pig, I guess. Anyhow, it throws Si into a high fever.

Mrs. Beardsley sends for Doc Wharton, allopath, he bein' cheap, and first thing Doc does is to put one of them new-fangled glass thermometers into Si's mouth.

Si's mouth, lookin' it for a new style pill, or else the graspin' old critter wants to git more'n his money's worth. Howsomever, Si promptly swallows the thing. Doc paid \$1.50 for the thermometer, cash, and while he's vainly tryin' to cuss it out of Si, Mrs. Beardsley gits mad and sends for Doc Holton, homeopath and willin' to bite a sirlin steak out of any allopath any time.

While the two Docs stand there over Si, one votin' a just plain gastronomic, colicky and the other swearin' it's just plain \$1.50 thermometer, Mrs. Beardsley, fearin' Si's immortal soul would fly to eternal rest at once, sends for Sister Matildy Barnes, our well-known hippopod.

When Matildy gets there, them other doctors was discussin' which was to have the thermometer, provided Doc Holton's ipecac induces Si to throw up his internal holdin's. But their fightin' had got Si to thinkin' that he'd got somethin' almighty valuable in him and he was holdin' onto his contents with might and main.

Sister Barnes sits down by Si and coos to him that it's his backbone that's in a hard knot and killin' him. This makes Doc Wharton furious and he rushes over to Squire Babcock's and replevins that thermometer. Old Constable Seth Beardsley, who hain't spoke to Si since Si charged him 15 per cent on a two-day loan, serves the writ of replevin, and as Doc Wharton swears that Si still has the thermometer, Seth takes Si to court, bed and all.

All us leadin' citizens is goin' to attend the trial. It's goin' to be a legal catcysm if any law is found that can git out of old Si Beardsley anythin' he's onct got hold of.

POTATO PRICES SHOW WEAKNESS

Some Northwest Growers Offer Spuds to Any Who'll Dig Them.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—Potato markets weakened last week nearly everywhere in the country except Chicago, according to the weekly review of fruit and vegetable markets by the United States bureau of agricultural economics.

Some damage from freezing was reported in New York and New England.

The potato situation in western producing sections has been discouraging. Poor markets cut shipments 30 per cent below those of last year. Idaho growers received only 30 to 35 cents per one hundred pounds and some farmers in the northwest offered potatoes free to anyone who would dig them.

While the decline in potatoes featured the week in the fruit and vegetable markets, most other lines declined also.

ANOTHER GREAT PANTAGES SHOW HERE TOMORROW

Alexander Pantages has just wired Manager Goss of the Orpheum that he is going to Ogdien this week another big and wonderful vaudeville show of six big-time acts, a show above the average and well worth boosting to his patrons. Here it is: Harry Hines, comedian, who has just left a big Broadway musical comedy in an act that is a scream; Fage Hark and Mack, one of the greatest athletic acts in vaudeville; "Just Wait for the Finish"; Hazel Hickey and Co. in a comedy playlet, "The Night Boat"; Miss Marion Cleve in "A Study in Song"; Fein and Tennyson, have a musical act that will delight Ogdien music lovers as they are just from the San Carlo Opera Co.; Wilfred Dubois is a really wonderful juggler, with a new line of tricks. The feature photoplay is also considered a big picture and has played in the biggest theatres. The star is Conway Tearle and the title of the picture is "The Referee," a story dealing with the prize ring and an honest referee, with a charming love story woven in. Come early this week to Pantages if you want a seat. The evening show begins at 8 p. m. and matinees at 1:30 p. m.—Advertisement.

MABEL'S CIGARS.

Who was over to see you last night?" demanded the stern father.

"Why, no one but Mabel, dad," fibbed the daughter.

"Mabel—huh! Well, next time, please ask Mabel not to be so careless. I found her half-smoked cigar on the piano this morning."—From Everybody's Magazine for November.

COLORED LINGERIE.

Lingerie is quite as apt to be black, brown or navy blue these days as it is to be flesh-colored or white. With dark dresses many women prefer lingerie that matches.

TROUBLED WITH ITCHY PIMPLES

And Blotches. Lost Rest. Cuticura Healed.

"I was troubled with pimples and blotches on my face. The pimples were hard and red and quite large. They were scattered over my face and itched and burned so that I scratched and rubbed them. At night I lost my rest on account of the irritation.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a short time could see an improvement. I purchased more, which completely healed me in about a month." (Signed) Miss Rachel Riley, Kendrick, Idaho, Feb. 15, 1922.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your daily toilet preparations and watch your skin improve.

Sample each freely. Mail Address: "Cuticura Laboratories," Dept. H, Malden, Mass. Send no money. Where: Soap 25c, Ointment 15c and Talcum 10c. Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tired, Itch, Smart or Burn, Your Eyes flamed or Irritated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes, Safest for Infants and Adults. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Reliable Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. They are sold with the name "Chichester" on either. Buy of your Druggist or send for a box of DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 cents to Dr. Chichester, 111 West 40th St., New York City.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Guard Your Health Be Sure To Use

SANTAL MIDY

PREVENTION

Afterwards Urinary Protection

Tubercle, Gleet, Gonorrhea, etc.

Autoprophylaxis Sanitary

43 Rockman St., New York

JO-TO

Stops Gas, Acidity, Sour Stomach (Heartburn), Belching, Swelling, Pains in the Stomach between meals, etc., almost instantly. Now 25c. at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

A Business Motive Power

The time must come when all businesses will consider advertising in the same spirit that a manufacturer ponders over the advisability of adopting a new machine. One does not install a piece of labor-saving mechanism because it suits his fancy; but because the efficiency of the business requires it.

He expects the new machine to reduce his cost to operate—perhaps to make a better product—and thus aid him in meeting competition and making larger profits.

Advertising is exactly similar. The man who refuses to consider it as a possible expedient, simply shuts his eyes on one of the problems of his business. He might as well ignore the banks as sources of credit when he has need to borrow capital.

On the other hand, the man who checkmates all weaknesses and shortcomings of his business and to carry it along to victory despite these, has a childlike faith in the miraculous.

Advertising will not make his product or his service any better than they are; but it will bring him the full benefits of their merits. It will not eliminate wastefulness in his factory or his store; but it will reduce his cost to operate. It will not make illogical selling methods successful; but it will assist good selling methods and often point the way for improving them.

Advertising is the most inexpensive motive power that the manufacturer or merchant can buy today. It is a form of stimulus that brings excellent returns on the investment.

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